

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowrs,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawae vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruine.

Meneu. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may saue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.

Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buffering the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, waiting thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Meneu. This but done,
Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemy in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I haue benee i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Meneu. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbar'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my fight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath recei'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth.

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Balenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feeble thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck't it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. He Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, He returne Consull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do you will. *Exit Volum.*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your selfe
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Meneu. I, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildely. *Exit.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
Brut. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antians*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's coming.
Brut. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Meneuius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.

Sicinius. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ser'd downe by th'
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready. *(Pole?)*
Sicinius. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.

Sicinius. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th' Truth a'th' Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.
Brut. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edile. Very well.

Sicinius. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giue them.

Brut. Go about it.

Put him to Choller strait, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Meneuius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicinius. Well, heere he comes.

Meneu. Calmely, I do beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by th' Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes

Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

Sen. Amen, Amen.

Meneu. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicinius. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Corio. First heere me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sicinius. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,

Allow their Officers, and are content

To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults

As shall be pron'd vpon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Meneu. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.

Meneu. Consider further:

That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonor'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.

Sicinius. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicinius. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Meneu. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicinius. Marke you this people?

All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.

Sicinius. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:

What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminali, and in such capitall kinde
Deferues th'extreamest death.

Brut. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome,

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.

Brut. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Meneu. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. He know no further:

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaings, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

Sicinius. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicinius. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.

Sicinius. We know your drift. Speake what?

Brut. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th' rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carcasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euer feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with noddng of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feelles,
Making but reueration of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Capriues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exit Coriolanus, Cominius, with C.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile